

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVE-HOLDERS."

VOL. I.

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From the N. O. Tropic, Extra, of Aug. 14th

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Arrival of the Water Witch—No Declaration of War—10,000 Mexican Troops on their March to Texas.

We hasten to lay before the readers of the Tropic the latest news from Mexico. The Water Witch, Capt. Tremissis, left Vera Cruz on the 5th inst., and arrived here between 5 and 6 o'clock this morning. It seems that, after all the gaudy sounding despatches of the Mexican Minister, a Declaration of War is now very doubtful.

Our prompt and intelligent correspondent tells the whole story.

VERA CRUZ, 4th Aug. 1845.

Dear Sirs:—I last had this pleasure, per Rechampago, which left here on the 23d ult. No arrivals have since taken place from your port.

The election of a new President commenced on the 1st inst. for which there are four candidates—say, Gen. Herrera, President, ad interim, Gen. Almonte, ex-Mexican Minister at Washington, Gomez Farias, and one whose name has escaped my memory. The Presidency, however, seems to lay between the two former, one of whom it is supposed will be the eventual candidate.

Almost the whole of the population of the town are in the approaching camping grounds of Texas, but I rather think it is the "true de guerre" to help him to the Presidency, than any great desire he has got to have a brush with the Texans—or as I ought rather to say now, the United States.

H. B. M. brig-of-war Persian, arrived here on the 27th ult., in seven days from Galveston, bringing the news of the Annexation of Texas being confirmed by the President Jones—and also that a body of U. S. States troops, say about 4,000 men, were expected at Galveston in the course of a few days.

It appears our Government is in no hurry to declare war against the United States, or at any rate, it seems to be the general opinion that she will merely attempt to reconquer Texas without making any declaration of war. Of course the news by the Persian caused a great excitement throughout the country. The Ministry has presented an act to the two Chambers for their deliberation.

1st. To declare war against the United States.

2d. Authorizing them to raise a foreign or national loan to the amount of fifteen millions of dollars, which they consider to be requisite to carry on a war and reconquer Texas.

The proposals are now under discussion in the Chambers, and if they get the "Tangent" there is no doubt they will make the attempt to gain possession, though it is doubtful whether they declare war against the United States or not.

Of course you have heard ere this, of the revolution at Toboso, in favor of Federalism, which has induced government to declare said port closed to foreign as well as native shipping, but is rather puzzled to find out how they will keep out the former, as they have not a single steamer that they can get ready in less than eighteen or twenty days, all the engineers being still, as I may say, loafing on shore and waiting for their pay, of which, for some months past, they have received but a mere trifle.

The Tariff question is still under discussion, or rather has been referred to a Committee, but if they procrastinate as they generally do, God knows when we shall get sight of the long expected document—and in the meantime the country will lose a great deal, as merchants do not like to ship with so much uncertainty.

I have nothing further of interest to inform you at present, and beg to subscribe myself, gentlemen, very respectfully yours.

Aug. 5.—The Water Witch not sailing yesterday, I open to say that we have no news from the American Squadron, but it is thought here that it will soon appear. It is said that the troops now on the road to Texas, amount to 10,000 men. Yours, etc.

STILL LATER FROM TEXAS.

The cutter Woodbury, Capt. Foster, which left Arkansas on the 6th, and Galveston on the 10th has just arrived.

Major Donelson came passenger on the Woodbury.

The ships Victoria and Savin were to leave Arkansas on the 8th.

The United States steamer Monmouth had arrived at Arkansas in a leaking condition, so bad that the pumps were going continually to keep her afloat.

We have received the Galveston News of the 8th. The sloop-of-war St. Mary arrived at Galveston on the 7th from Corpus Christi. There are 1000 troops at St. Joseph's Island, where they are comfortably situated. Their ultimate destination seems not to have been fully determined upon. The Falmouth was daily expected in the Gulf. Speaking of the Mexican elections, which took place on the 1st inst., the News says:

The result of the contest for the Presidency of Mexico, between Herrera and Gomez Farias, which was to take place on the 1st instant, will be looked for with considerable interest. Herrera is said to be in favor of centralism, and Farias has the full confidence of the liberal party. He advocates the restoration of the Constitution of 1824. It is said his prospects of success are the most favorable. Possibly his election may give to Mexico a period of comparative repose from the oppression and anarchy of a succession of civil revolutions.—*N. O. Tropic Extra*, Aug. 14.

C. M. CLAY.

We give such further particulars of the Lexington mob as we have received since the issue of our last number. On Saturday, the Editor of the American issued the following address:—

To the Citizens of Fayette County and City of Lexington:

As my opponents, notwithstanding my sickness, will not wait to hear my plan of emancipation, and seem determined to precipitate measures to extremity, without giving me a hearing, and as they insist upon branding me as an "Abolitionist," a name full of unknown and strange terrors and crimes, to the mass of our people, I will make a brief statement of my plan of emancipation. Although I regard slavery as opposed to natural right, I consider law and its violative observance, in all cases whatever, as the only safeguard of my own liberty and the liberty of others. I therefore have not, and will not, give my sanction to any mode of freeing the slaves, which does not conform strictly to the laws and constitution of my state. And as I am satisfied that there is no power under the present constitution

which would make me a slave, but from a sense of the deep personal indignity with which their unheard of assumptions were attempted to be carried into execution. But to you—a far differently organized body, and a constitutional assemblage of citizens—I feel that it is just and proper that I should answer at your bar, and as I am not in a state of health to carry on an argument or vindicate properly my own rights, I shall voluntarily leave the action in question to your

judgment.

I don't just

numerically omnipotent, I would say that every female slave born after a certain day and year should be free at the age of twenty-one. This, in course of time, would gradually, and at last, make our state truly free. I would further say that, after the expiration of thirty years, more or less, the State should provide a fund, either from her own resources, or from her portion in the public lands, for the purchase of the existing generation of slaves, in order that the white laboring portion of our community might be as soon as possible freed from the ruinous competition of slave labor. The funds should be applied after this manner. Commissioners shall be appointed in each county, who shall on oath value all slaves that shall be voluntarily presented to them for that purpose. To the owners of these slaves shall be issued, by the proper authorities, scrip bearing interest at the rate of six per cent, to the amount of the value of their slaves, and to the redemption of said scrip, principal and interest. By this plan the present habits of our people would not be suddenly broken in upon, and at the same time, we believe that it would bring slavery to almost utter extinction in our State within the next thirty years.

With regard to the free blacks, I would not go for forcible expulsion, but I would encourage by all the pecuniary resources that the State had to spare, a voluntary emigration to such countries and climates as nature

seems particularly to have designed them.

With regard to the political equality of the blacks with the whites, I should oppose

the Convention their admission to the right of suffrage.

As minors, women, foreigners, denizens, and divers other classes of individuals are, in all well regulated governments, forbidden the elective franchise, so I see no good reason why the blacks, until they become able to exercise the right to vote with proper discretion, should be admitted to the right of suffrage. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." The time will come with succeeding generations when there would be no objection on the part of the whites, and none on account of disqualification of the blacks to their being admitted to the same political platform, but later generations act for themselves. The title of amalgamation and paid equality is proven to be untrue and absurd. It may be said by some, what right would a Convention have to liberate the unborn! They who ask equity, the lawyers say, themselves must do the equity, and whilst the slaveholders have rights, they must remember the blacks also have rights and surely in the compromise we have proposed between the slave and the slaveholder, the slaveholder has the Lion's share.

We have thus, in a very rambling and feeble, unsatisfactory manner, given something of an outline of the plan which we had intended to present.

It may be that my paper

has not been conducted in the most pacific manner, but is there not cause for mutual reproof between myself and the public in which I am placed? And those who now most denounce me, should remember that my paper was denounced even in advance,

in the full disavowal of all the incendiary purposes which my enemies now affect to impute to me. I am willing to take warning from friends or enemies for the future conduct of my paper, and while I am ready to restrict myself in the latitude of discussion of the question, I never will voluntarily abandon a right or yield a principle.

C. M. CLAY.

August 16, 1845.

"On Sunday evening, says the Louisville Journal, Mr. Clay, who it was understood was too ill to sit up in his bed, and, in fact, so ill, that even his ultimate recovery was considered doubtful, had a large number of loaded muskets and other deadly weapons, with which he had intended to defend his office, removed from that building. On Sunday night the alarm throughout Lexington was very considerable, on account of the fact that the knowledge of what was transpiring was said to have reached a portion of the population that should have been kept in ignorance of it. Many feared that they saw symptoms of insubordination; and patrols were kept up throughout the city during the night."

On Monday morning, C. M. Clay put out a fourth handbill, addressed to the mass meeting which was to assemble at 11 o'clock. LEXINGTON, Aug. 16th, 1845.

FELLOW CITIZENS OF LEXINGTON, AND COUNTY OF FAYETTE:—Being unable from the state of my health, to be present at your meeting, and even unable to hold a pen, having been sick thirty-five days with the typhoid fever, I dictate to an amanuensis, a few lines for your just consideration. Having been the unwilling cause, in part, of the present excitement in my country, and, feeling, as I do, respect for the safety and happiness of others as well as my own, I voluntarily come forward and do all I conscientiously can do for your quiet and satisfaction. I treated the communication from the private caucus with burning contempt, arising not only from their assuming over me a power which would make me a slave, but from a sense of the deep personal indignity with which their unheard of assumptions were attempted to be carried into execution. But to you—a far differently organized body, and a constitutional assemblage of citizens—I feel that it is just and proper that I should answer at your bar, and as I am not in a state of health to carry on an argument or vindicate properly my own rights, I shall voluntarily leave the action in question to your

judgment.

Your obedient servant,

ties political capital. And you will see also, when the excitement is worn off, that there have been many selfish purposes sought to be accomplished at the expense of your peace and mine, by men who are professing to be actuated by nothing but patriotic motives.

Having said thus much upon the conduct

of my paper, I must say also, that my constitutional rights I shall never abandon. I feel as deeply interested in this community, as any other man in it. No man is, or has a connection, more deeply interested in the prosperity of this State, than myself. You ought not, you cannot, if you are as just to me as you are to yourselves, ask me to do that which you would not do. I know not, in reality, what may be the state of public feeling. I am told it is very much inflamed; I, therefore, directed my publisher, after the publication of to-morrow's paper, to exclude all matter upon the subject of Slavery, until, if my health is restored, I shall be able myself to take the helm.

My office and dwelling are undefended, except by the laws of my country, and of these laws you are the sole guardians. You have the power to do as you please. You will so act, however, I trust, that this day shall not be one accrued to the State and City.

Yours, C. M. CLAY.

LEXINGTON, Aug. 16th, 1845.

Upon the appearance of this handbill, says

the Louisville Journal, very many thought

that, in consequence of Mr. Clay's pledges and his illness, the people would not molest either him or his premises, but there were some who seemed actively engaged in inciting the rest to violence. During the whole of Monday morning, the vast number of people then in Lexington, were gathered in small or large groups in all the streets of the city. About a quarter before 11 o'clock, the rush for the court house commenced, and in five minutes the building was full. An adjournment took place, and the yard was full. Several thousand persons were present. Walter Ballock, Esq., was appointed President and Benj. Gutz, Secretary. The President exhorted the meeting to be orderly, remarking that the doings of the people of Lexington and Fayette on that occasion would be published and discussed throughout the whole Union. An address to the crowd, in the name of a committee previously appointed for the purpose, was then read by Hon. T. F. Marshall, who was the writer of it.

During my sickness, my paper has been conducted by some friends.—The leading article in the last number, which I am told is the great cause of the public disquietude,

I have never read, because at the time it was put to press I could not have undergone the fatigue of reading such a paper through.—Although it was read over to me at the time, yet I am fully persuaded now, that had I been in health it would not have been admitted into my columns. But I felt the less hesitancy in admitting it, because it has been my avowed policy heretofore to admit free discussion upon the subject of slavery, by slaveholders themselves, and the author of this article is largely in that kind of property.

You have seen before this time that the course of policy which I commend, myself, to the State, is widely different, in many essential points, to this author's views.

The article written by myself, and published in the same paper, was written a few days

after the leader was in type, and which has

also been the cause of so much dissatisfaction, the justice of which, to some extent, I am willing to acknowledge. I assure you upon the honor of a man, it was never intended to mean, or to bear the construction

which my enemies have given it. I was pursuing the reflections of my own mind, without thinking of the misconception that could be put upon my language.

Had I been in the vigor of health, I should

have avoided the objectionable expressions,

so sharply guarding against the cavils of my opponents, I would best guard at the same time against anything which could be considered of an incendiary character. I cannot say that the paper, from the beginning, has been conducted in the manner I could have wished. The cause of this is not now necessary for me to mention. Satisfied, however, from past experience, that the free discussion of the subject of slavery is liable to many objections which I did not anticipate, and which I had allowed in an excess of liberality arising, no doubt, from the fact that I had been denied the columns of the other presses of the country myself, I propose in future very materially to restrict the latitude of discussion. I shall admit into my paper no article upon this subject, for which I am not willing to be held responsible. This, you perceive, will very much narrow the ground; for my plan of emancipation which I put forth a few days ago, is of the most gradual character. My other views put forth there also, are such as I learn are not at all offensive to the great mass of our people. By this course I expect to achieve two objects, to enable me to carry on the advocacy of those principles and measures which I deem of vital importance to our State without molestation, and without subjecting the people to the apprehensions and excitement which are now unhappily upon us. You may properly ask, perhaps, why was not this thing done before? I reply that I did not foresee any such consequences as have resulted from a different course. The discussions of the public press on both sides, I conceived, and am still of the same opinion, arose from the desire to make both par-

insertion in our columns. It is a labored attempt to fasten upon Mr. Clay the stigma of attempting to excite an insurrection among the slaves and to overthrow slavery by violent means. To show this, passages from his letter and editorials are taken out of their connection and commented upon in a spirit evidently calculated to excite to the highest pitch the indignation of the assembly. They attempt to prove that he is identified in principle and feeling with the Abolitionists of the North, who, they assert, "maintain for the slave the right of insurrection and extort him to its exercise." The committee concedes that the law furnishes me means of suppressing his paper, but they say that, "as a sudden invasion or insurrection itself, the people have at once, independent of the magistrates, the right of defence, so when there is a well grounded apprehension of great, and, it may be, irreparable injury, the use of force in the community is lawful and safe." The conclusion of the address is in these words:

"Mr. Clay has complained in his recent handbills of his indisposition, and charged the people as deficient in courage and magnanimity in moving upon him when he is incapable of defense. If all that is said of him, his purpose, and his means, be true, his indisposition is fortunate. He may rest assured that we will not be deterred by one or 10,000 such men as he. He cannot bully his countrymen. A Kentuckian himself, his weakness is his security. We are armed and resolved—if resistance be attempted, the consequence be on his own head. For our vindication under the circumstances we appeal to Kentucky and to the world."

The address was unanimously adopted, together with the following resolutions:

"1st. That no abolition press ought to be tolerated in Kentucky and none shall be in this city or its vicinity."

"2d. That if the office of the "True American" be surrendered peaceably, no injury shall be done to the building or other property. The press and printing apparatus shall be carefully packed up and sent out of the State, subject them to C. M. Clay's orders."

"3d. That if resistance be offered, we will force the office at all hazards, and destroy the nuisance."

"4th. That if an attempt be made to remove the paper here, we will again assemble."

"5th. That we hope C. M. Clay will be advised. For our regard to our wives, our children, our homes, our property, our country, our honor, wear what name he may, be connected with whom he may, whatever arm or party here or elsewhere may sustain him, he shall not publish an Abolition paper here, and this we affirm at the risk, be it of his blood or our own, or both; or of all he may bring, of bond or free, to aid his murderous hand."

"6th. That the Chairman be, and he is hereby authorized to appoint a Committee of sixty of our body, who shall be authorized

to repair to the office of the "True Ameri-

can," take possession of press and printing

apparatus, pack up the same, and place it at the railroad office for transportation to Cincinnati, and report forthwith to this body."

The action of that Committee is thus reported by a correspondent of the New York Herald:

"The committee went to the office—the city marshal reported progress

Clay was thus recklessly using. That he meant to excite insurrection, or to invite a servile war, we do not, cannot for one moment believe. We believe him to be incapable of baseness, and in all manly qualities far to exceed some who are most busy in denouncing him. But while we give credit to Mr. Clay by imputing to him no improper motives, we know that the conduct of the slaves in Fayette is said to have changed since the publication of the "True American." We heard, while at Lexington, that the slaves in the factories and on the farms had refrained to work, which they were singing daily to the praise of Cassius M. Clay, boasting that he was about to break the chains of their bondage, and would, by the force of his character and influence, elevate them to an equality with their masters. It was said that, under this feeling, the slaves had lately become idle and insolent, and, in some instances, had refused to labor. The people were alarmed for their security. The mother feared for the lives of her children, and the safety of her own person from negro violence—Such we know to have been the general feeling pervading the community of Fayette, exciting in their opinion an immediate interference with the business of Mr. Clay, and the suppression of a publication which they considered the source of the evil, the effects of which they so much dreaded. The people were led to believe that the continuance of the "True American" would involve the community in peril, which, though unforeseen, could not be avoided.

We are disposed to believe that the meeting passed their resolutions and acted under the sense of great and imminent danger.—The leaders were cool, determined and deliberate in the formation and execution of their purposes. There was no resistance offered to them, and therefore no wanton mischief was perpetrated. The people acted through a committee, who entered the office, packed up the press and materials and shipped the property to Cincinnati. That no blood was shed in the execution of the will of this meeting was, without doubt, owing to the illness of Mr. Clay, who was confined to his bed by a fever, and pronounced by his physicians in danger of losing his life. Had he been in health, we have no idea he would unresistingly suffered his property to be removed without his consent, and his attempt to protect it would probably have cost the lives of many. Thus, by the interposition of Providence only, is our State saved from the disgrace of having blood spilt by the hands of a popular assembly! Reflecting men will disapprove of the temper of Mrs. Clay and the tone of the Americans, but they will say that his concessions and promise of a better temper and spirit should have disarmed the committee, and especially, when it was asserted that, if the meeting would permit the property to remain untouched, the publication should cease.

This meeting set a precedent which we hope we may not live to see imitated here or elsewhere. To exhibit the error committed, let us look for a moment to the effect. In the free States, interested demagogues, will seize upon this transaction to inflame the minds of the multitude against slaveholders. Political abolition will make capital from this orator supporters. "We shall hear the right of discussion proclaimed, and this affair held up as an evidence of its suppression in Kentucky. We are at no loss to determine the effect of the disturbance at Lexington upon the feeling in Kentucky. Few will go farther than to disapprove, as we do, a few will openly and violently denounce the Fayette people under all the circumstances of the case; and a few will approve of all that was done. But the rational and temperate discussion of ultimate emancipation will not be checked even by this popular outbreak. Many of the best minds of the State are engaged with the question, and they will express freely their opinions, and act freely upon them.—*We must make up our minds to meet that question, for no human power can stop it.* We hope earnestly that the discussion will be conducted every where temperately, that every plan to rid Kentucky of slavery will be examined cautiously and with judgement, that public opinion will be fairly elicited so as best to promote the public good. We do not believe that Kentucky can have reached that point at which men should be afraid to speak, write, and publish touching the disposition of our slave population. We have ever looked forward to a day when Kentucky should hold within her boundary no bondman, and we hope to live to see the light of such a day. If we have fallen upon times when the freedom of speech and of the press should be shackled lest servile war ensue, the sooner we adopt measures to remove an evil which disturbs our peace, destroys confidence in our security, and awakens a whole community to arms, the better for ourselves, our children, & our Commonwealth. In this particular community we know that there is considerable feeling on the subject of gradual emancipation and a desire to bring it prominently before the State among the political questions deserving attention. We expect to discuss it and to admit to our columns well written communications upon it on both sides. We deprecate all incendiary, demagogic and radicalism, and we hope the Legislature will provide some remedy to guard against wanton incendiary publications, designed to stir our slaves to mutiny; but we favor now and shall always favor every attempt to ameliorate our social condition, to add to the prosperity of the State, and to knit the bonds of the National Union more closely, when such attempts are made with dignity and moderation.

From the New York Tribune.  
Speech of Ralph Emerson at the Celebration in Waltham, Mass. August 7, 1845.

[Since the publication of the letter of C. K. W., giving an account of the celebration of the First of August at Waltham, we have received a letter from another correspondent enclosing the following sketch of the remarks of Mr. Emerson on that occasion.—Many readers will be as glad to see it as we are to give it a place.]

What is the defence of Slavery? What is the irresistible argument by which every plea

of humanity and reason has hitherto been borne down?

Is it a doubt of the equity of the negro's cause? By no means. Is it a doubt of the sincerity of the reformer? No; the Abolitionists are thought partial, credulous, tedious monomaniacs; bitter—but no man doubts their sincerity. Is it a stringent self interest?—No; this acts in certain places. It acts on the seaboard, and in great thoroughfares, where the Northern merchant or manufacturer exchanges hospitalities with the Southern planter, or trades with him, and loves to exhibit himself from all sympathy with those turbulent Abolitionists. But while we give credit to Mr. Clay by imputing to him no improper motives, we know that the conduct of the slaves in Fayette is said to have changed since the publication of the "True American." We heard, while at Lexington, that the slaves in the factories and on the farms had refrained to work, which they were singing daily to the praise of Cassius M. Clay, boasting that he was about to break the chains of their bondage, and would, by the force of his character and influence, elevate them to an equality with their masters. It was said that, under this feeling, the slaves had lately become idle and insolent, and, in some instances, had refused to labor. The people were alarmed for their security. The mother feared for the lives of her children, and the safety of her own person from negro violence—Such we know to have been the general feeling pervading the community of Fayette, exciting in their opinion an immediate interference with the business of Mr. Clay, and the suppression of a publication which they considered the source of the evil, the effects of which they so much dreaded. The people were led to believe that the continuance of the "True American" would involve the community in peril, which, though unforeseen, could not be avoided.

We are disposed to believe that the meeting passed their resolutions and acted under the sense of great and imminent danger.—The leaders were cool, determined and deliberate in the formation and execution of their purposes. There was no resistance offered to them, and therefore no wanton mischief was perpetrated. The people acted through a committee, who entered the office, packed up the press and materials and shipped the property to Cincinnati. That no blood was shed in the execution of the will of this meeting was, without doubt, owing to the illness of Mr. Clay, who was confined to his bed by a fever, and pronounced by his physicians in danger of losing his life. Had he been in health, we have no idea he would unresistingly suffered his property to be removed without his consent, and his attempt to protect it would probably have cost the lives of many. Thus, by the interposition of Providence only, is our State saved from the disgrace of having blood spilt by the hands of a popular assembly! Reflecting men will disapprove of the temper of Mrs. Clay and the tone of the Americans, but they will say that his concessions and promise of a better temper and spirit should have disarmed the committee, and especially, when it was asserted that, if the meeting would permit the property to remain untouched, the publication should cease.

It is the objection of an inferiority of race. They who say it and they who hear it, think it the voice of nature and fate pronouncing against the Abolitionist and the Philanthropist; that the *ya, ya*, of the Negro, his laugh, and the imperfect articulation of his organs designate an imperfect race; and that the good will of amiable enthusiasts in his behalf will avail him not a pair of ears against the falling ocean of Niagara.

And what is the amount of this conclusion in which the men of New England acquiesce? It is, that the Creator of the Negro has given him up to stand as a victim of a caricature of the white man beside him; to stoop under his pack, and to bleed under his whip; If that be the doctrine, then, I say, if He has given up his cause, He has also given up mine, who feel his wrong, and who in our hearts must curse the Creator who has unseated him.

But no, it is not so; the Universe is not bankrupt; still stands the old heart firm in its seat, and knows that, come what will, the right is and shall be. Justice is forever and ever. And what is the reply to this fatal allegation?

I believe there is a sound argument derived from facts collected in the United States and in the West Indies, in reply to this alleged hopeless inferiority of the colored race. But I shall not touch it. I concern myself now with the morals of the negro or principles on a question so simple as this. The only reply, then, to this poor sceptical ribaldry is the affirming heart. The sentiment of right which is the principle of civilization and the reason of reason, fights against this damnable atheism. All the facts in history are fables and untrustworthy, beside the dictates of the moral sentiment which speaks one and the same voice in all cases. And what says that to the injured Negrol? When I listen to it, it assures me that in his very wrong is his strength. The Persians have a proverb: "Beware of the orphan; for when the orphan sets a-crying, the throne of the Almighty is shaken from side to side." It is certain that, if it should come to question, all just men, all intelligent agents, must take the part of the black against the white man. Then I say, never is the planter safer; his house is a den; a just man cannot go there, except to tell him so. Whatever may appear at the moment, however contrasted the fortunes of the black and the white—though the one live in his hereditary mansion-house, and the latter in a shed; though one rides an Arabian horse, and the other is hunted by blood-hounds; though one eats and the other sweats; one strikes, and the other dies—yet the planter's an unsafe and unblest condition. Nature fights on the other side; and as power is always stealing from the idle to the busy hand, it seems inevitable that a revolution is preparing at no distant day to set these disjointed matters right.

See further, if you with me are believing and not unbelieving, if you are open to hope and not despair, in what manner the moral power secures the welfare of the black man.

In the moral creation, it is appointed from everlasting, that the protection of the weak shall be in the illumination of the strong. It is in the order of things the privilege of superiority to give, to bestow, to protect, to love, to serve. This is the office and source of power. It is power's power to do these things; and, on the other hand, it is the ruin of power to steal, to injure and to put to death. The hope and the refuge of the weaker individual and the weaker races is here. It will not always be reputable to steal and to oppress. It will not always be possible. Every new step taken in the true order of human life takes out something of brutality and infuses something of good will. Precisely as it is the necessity of grass to grow, of the child to be born, of light to shine, of heat to radiate, and of matter to attract, so is it of man's race and every race to rise and to refine. "All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving." And it will be as natural and obvious a step with the increased dominion of right reason over the human race, for the interests of the more amicable and patriotic classes to be eagerly defended by the more energetic, as it is now for Trade to dis-

pose of dignity and moderation.

I know that this race have long been victims. They came from being preyed on by the barbarians of Africa, to be preyed on by the barbarians of America. To many of them, no doubt, Slavery was a mitigation and a

gain. Put the slave under negro drivers, and it is said these are more cruel than the white. Their fate now, as far as it depends on circumstances, depends on the raising of their masters. The masters are ambitious of culture and civility. Elevate, enlighten, civilize the semi-barbarous nations of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama—take away from their debauched society the Bowie-knife, the rum-bowl, the dice-box, and the stews—take out the brute, and infuse a drop of civility and generosity, and you touch those selfish lords with thought and gentleness.

Instead of racers, jockeys, duellists and peacock, you shall have a race of decent and law-abiding men, incapacitated to hold slaves and eager to give them liberty. \* \* \* \* I hold it, then, to be the part of right reason, to hope and to affirm well of this portion of the human family, and to accept the humane voices which in our time have espoused their cause, as only the forerunners of vast majorities in this country and in the race.

**Texas—Important.**—The Editor of the Van Buren (Arks.) Intelligencer says, in his paper of the 2d, inst, that he has been placed in possession of certain items of Texan news through the politeness of Mr. Gregg, of Marshall, Harrison county, Texas. Among these items we find the following:

[N. O. Picayune.

"The Dragoons that were ordered into Texas were rendezvoused near Nacogdoches, waiting for the employment of wagons and the engagement of supplies necessary for their consumption, we understand have been ordered immediately to Austin by forced marches, and much excitement was created in Harrison County by the movement; as the orders were not accompanied with any assigned cause for the movement, and many feared that the Comanches might have threatened a descent upon that city while the convention was in session to capture the members. The orders for the engagement of wagons, &c. were countermanded and the troops at once put in motion for Austin.

**Liquors Burnt.**—In the great fire in New York, the following liquors were consumed—showing something of the extent of trade: 261 pipes of Brandy; 200 pipes of gin; 100 pancheons of Rum; 600 pipes of Wine; 6,000 casks of Wine; 1000 casks of Claret; 5000 bottles of Champagne.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### LETTER FROM ALEXANDER WILLIS.

FREIGHT REPORT, 10th AUGUST.

DEAR FRIENDS.—I this day received a No. of the "Liberty Advocate" in which I found my letter to you, asking for your "Bugle."—The Editor seems to hint that I had no idea he would see my letter, if so, he was mistaken. I did expect he would see it, for I supposed you exchanged with him, and expect his "Argus eye" will see this. I have not received a No. of your paper since the first, hence I know not whether he has been answered the query—*he asked*.

The "Liberty" man hits us a terrible blow, because he said "Anti-Slavery in its big meaning." Yes, I have received the same full to tell all growing faint with the loss of blood." Oh that some good Samaritan would pour into our gaping wounds the soothing balm; but alas for us, we are "Infidels," and the good Samaritans are all in the church engaged in pouring the *needful* into the pockets of their faithful servants, the Priests,—and between them and us, there is a great "Gap," for "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans," or the church visitors with "Infidels." And now since we have sufficient of the "vital spark" left to keep us from being called *dead*, we will gratify this "military" man, with our explanation of the difference between Liberty Party and "Anti-Slavery in its big meaning," and as the Liberty Party claims to be Anti-Slavery, it is proper that the difference should be shown, and it appears to me to be this. Liberty party preaches up the doctrine that it is wrong to stay in, and right to come out of the two pro-slavery political parties, while "anti-slavery in its big meaning" advocates the doctrine that it is wrong to stay in, and right to come out of all pro-slavery parties. Here then is one difference. Another is, that the Liberty party permits its members to remain in the bosom of the church in full fellowship with slaveholders and their abettors; while "anti-slavery in its big meaning" bids its votaries "to come out from among them lest they be partakers of their sins and receive of their plagues."

But to return to the notice of the "Bugle" as found in the "Advocate." He says "it considers the overthrow of the existing Government of the United States, and the annihilation of the present ecclesiastical organizations, as essential means for the emancipation of the slave. It appears to be opposed to all political action, not only for anti-slavery purposes, but for any purpose; as it opposes all the existing political parties, and also the formation of any new one. Such is to be the character of the Anti-Slavery Bugle. Whether the friends of the slave in Ohio will show it favor, remains to be seen." Now the obvious intention of the above was to prejudice those readers against it who know not the object of the paper and the society of which it is the organ. Would the Editor have written thus if he had wished to receive subscribers? Again, I read in the same paper three or four other notices of papers; and, of which were presented as *worthy* of patronage; not so with the unfortunate Bugle. This last sheet must receive a stab in its very infancy. It was this partiality and misrepresentation that satisfied me of "that man's liberty," and I think I am not mistaken in this kind; and if the Editor of the Advocate has any desire for a controversy with the "faith that is in him," or that is in the Anti-Slavery Bugle, he can be gratified by opening the columns of the Advocate for free discussion. But let us for argument sake suppose that the Editor represented the Bugle correctly; has he not established the same doctrine of overthrowing and opposing? He opposes and seeks the overthrow of the other two parties, and justifies himself on the grounds that they are pro-slavery. Strange

then that *he* should condemn the Bugle for seeking to overthrow all the pro-slavery parties on the same ground. Consistency truly is a jewel, and my brother find it.

If I rightly understand the doctrine of the Bugle, or the Society of which it is the organ, it holds that slavery is a sin; and that abolitionists we must cease to fellowship that sin both in the church and in the state; either by refusing to let it remain in, or, if it has the power in its own hands, that we then are to withdraw. And we find that we are commanded thus to do for the church of Christ has ever been taught to turn sin out of her doors; or if the church were encumbered at heart, I mean if sin had got into her "House of Holies," then were the faithful repelled to come out of her. "Come out of her my people that ye be not partakers of her sins," and this is the voice of the "Bugle."

Slavery has flung its blasting mildew into the very sanctuary of the church; it has entwined itself around her trunk and around every fibre; she has become cancer-eaten and decayed. No more does she lean upon the arm of her once beloved but now weeping Saviour; for she is fallen from the glory of departed days, and is now chained and carried upon the back of the "Great Beast" that once did pursue her. Alas for her! Heywood's hosts are weeping over her destruction—while devils damned in lowest hell shout with infernal glee: The Bugle, like a messenger from the skies, sounds its loud notes in her guilty ears and calls unto the elect or faithful to come out of her lest they partake of the judgments that are in waiting for her. And for being thus faithful to the mission entrusted to its care, not only the Puritans who love to pray standing in the popular places, but the *Scribes* of Liberty party wait to see if it will be supported by the people of Ohio; and among these *Scribes* is the *pious* Editor of the "Advocate," who himself is a member of an evangelical conclave of men-stealers and women whippers. And to justify himself in thus remaining a member of the church, he says he does so in order to lend his influence to redeem or cleanse her. Why did he not think of this *better way* a little sooner, and stay in the Whig party and redeem or cleanse it from all pro-slavery!

Just look at this pious Editor, battering the pro-slavery sentiment in the two political parties and calling down upon them the anathemas of heaven, and at the same time supporting an ecclesiastical organization which holds that slavery is an institution of the Bible—"God ordained." This looks very much to us like "stopping the spile and opening the bungs;" for while the church has the manufacturing of the public sentiment, the two parties only strive which shall ride into power upon the sentiment thus created. Pro-slavery is found in the one, because the other teaches it in the pulpit; then the church is the field for labor; the fountain from which slavery drinks its fill, and satisfies its hunger. And it was because the Anti-Slavery Society turned its batteries against this source of pro-slavery sentiment that a goodly number of those whose bread and butter comes by their teaching on the Sabbath day, became frightened lest their scepters should be taken from them; and to *slavery is a political evil*, and must be put down by *political means*, and immediately Liberty party was born—and then they cried again; "Liberty party will overthrow slavery—come ye unto it and let the church alone, for they that speak evil of her are Infidels."

Has this not virtually been the case? No wonder our faithful Garrison combated Liberty party with such determined courage, for truly has it been one of slavery's artful schemes to ward off her impending ruin. It was a deep laid artful plan, and has even succeeded in drawing the third part of the stars of the anti-slavery host after it; and by its cry of "Infidelity" it has shut the eyes of many more that would now have been among the faithful opposers of slavery. But it is a consolation to know that it has been detected in its very infancy, and although the shock vibrated through every fibre of the A. S. Society, although its organ was stolen by its professed friends, and its energies crippled for a season, yet it is now coming up clothed in the majesty of Truth to battle the hosts of slavery even in its own tents; and it will yield no quarter, nor "Give up the ship," until the shout of disintegrated millions shall go up to heaven, and the demon of oppression sink into oblivion.

But I am occupying room which should be filled by able pens, and must content myself with the hope that the Editor of the "Advocate" will publish this in his paper, and as he likes to copy from the "Bugle" in particular, I feel in hope that he will lay before his readers the article on "The superiority of moral over political power," which he will find in the first number.

Yours in the cause of Universal Liberty,

AMOS H. WILLIS.

### NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

Let the ery ring out clear, shrill and strong, so that it may echo from hill top to hill top, and be heard through every valley and secluded glen in the land. Let it thrill through the hearts of the people, so that the farmer at his plough, the mechanic in his workshop, and the merchant at his desk may *think* of what they are doing, and shrink with horror from the thought of any longer strengthening the hand of the oppressor, or being in union with those who make merchandise of men created in God's own image. Let us fear not but we strong, for Truth and Right are with us. We fling no blood-red fly to the breeze, we raise no battle cry to stir up men to slaughter and blood, but we unfurl the broad folds of our banner, pure and white as the driven snow, with the motto inscribed upon it, "No compromise with Slavery, no Union with Slaveholders," and we ask all who are earnest to make others free to rally beneath it.—If the dweller in the great west, those whose homes are on the banks of the broad Ohio, the clear beautiful Miami or Scioto, those who look out upon the waters of the great lakes, and watch the rolling tide of the great "Father of Waters," aye—and the strong hearted sons and daughters of New York, and rugged Pennsylvania, and rock bound

New England, would but speak out and say to the haughty south,

"We leave you with your mainland to struggle as you can."

With the strong upward tendency and God-like soul of man,

their voice would send consternation to the heart of the oppressor, he would *know* and *feel* his weakness, and the day would not be far distant when "Liberty would be proclaimed throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." And shall not that voice be heard? Right is with us, God and Truth on our side. If we are strong as we should be in our faith "one can chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight," for truth above all things breathes away the victory.

### ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN OHIO.

Accused be the American Union! How it dries up and withers the humanity and Christianity which naturally spring up in the heart of man at the contemplation of oppression! I involuntarily made the above exclamation after in vain attempting to get a place in which to hold an anti-slavery meeting in the town of Hanover. Four churches and no place in which to "preach deliverance to the captive." Not even a grove—"God's first free temple," could be obtained within a mile of this slavery cursed, priest ridden town; and the reason assigned was that we preach moral treason to the Union. Nothing but the blind veneration people have for this Union, would so close up their hearts to all the noble impulses of human nature which prompt to succor the oppressed, unless it be their equally blind veneration of the church and clergy. Notwithstanding the exertions of pro-slavery priests and their abettors we (G. B. Stebbins and myself) procured the use of a grove about a mile out of the village where we held a meeting on last Sunday, attended by a considerable number who seemed interested in what was said, though a portion of the meeting showed mobocratic feeling, which only wanted darkness to develop itself more fully. A few eggs and apples were thrown which were probably their best arguments, as men always use the best they have in meeting an opponent.

Something akin to this was our reception at Paris, where, as usual, bared out of the churches, we hold a

## ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, SEPTEMBER 5, 1845.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

### REMOVAL.

Subscribers, Correspondents, and Exchanges will take notice that our Publication office is removed from New Lisbon, to Salem, Columbian Co., and that James Barnaby, Jr., of that place has been appointed General Agent for our paper.

### OUR MEETING AT SALEM.

We were disappointed in not obtaining the Friend's Meeting house for our convention during the time the Yearly meeting was not in session. We had hoped they would cheerfully grant it, as they profess to be an anti-slavery society, and very many of its members we know to be abolitionists. We therefore proposed holding our meetings at the hours of 3 and 7 p. m. so as not to interfere with their sittings, but they refused us the house, so we were obliged to forego the evening meeting, and hold but one session a day, or else meet in the forenoon; we chose the latter. A stand was erected in one of the public streets, and all necessary provision made for the accommodation of a large audience.

The first session was mainly occupied in showing the inconsistency of Friends, and their pro-slavery character as a society. It was defended, not by any of its members, but by the Rev. Mr. Ambler, a Methodist Episcopal minister, one of these hireling priests, against whose craft the Quakers so strongly and pointedly testify, and who himself well earned at Paris, the title of Reverend Mobocrat. We wish the society joy at having such an advocate, and hope that occurrences like this, will at length open the eyes of those who are now blind, so that they may see what detestable fellowship their pro-slavery has brought them into. Every Orthodox pulpit in the land has thundered its animas against the Hicksite Friends, because they do not believe in the vicarious atonement of Christ, and refuse to recognise the Bible as the primary rule of their faith and practice; and therefore, says Orthodoxy, they are infidels. And here came forward one of these Orthodox priests to defend the Quakers, infidels as they are, in his estimation, because the anti-slavery of their society suited this Reverend Mobocrat, and the pro-slavery Methodist Episcopal church with which he stands connected, better than Garrisonian abolitionism. Not that he hates infidelity less but abolitionism more. Not only did he come forward to defend the society of Friends, but to justify his own mobocratic conduct at Paris, an account of which will be found in the communication of our friend Flint.—He appeared to think that as we were excluded from the Methodist church and the Quaker meeting house, and forced to convene in the open street, that we were fair game for every lewd fellow of the baser sort, and therefore his reverence was as pugnacious and persevering as clerical impudence could be, not only at the first meeting but at the several subsequent ones; boldly laying down a principle which put the life and property of every Disunion abolitionist as much at the mercy of mobocratic assassins, as does a proclamation of outlawry the person of a fugitive slave. The Reverend Mobocrat asserted on the platform, that inasmuch as we had disfranchised ourselves, we had no rights! We are glad that the people of Salem have more respect for moral principle and God-given rights, than this teacher of the people who proclaimed us divested of our rights, and leaving every ill-disposed fellow to infer that he might therefore do as he would to us; had it not been so, we know not but our house would have been fired, and our lives destroyed ere this. His proclamation of outlawry against us, would do very well in South Carolina, but is not suited to the latitude of Salem, as he has doubtless discovered ere this. A Clergyman from Paris assisted his brother to take care of God's kingdom by defending the pro-slavery sects of the land.—This Rev. Mr. Murry, by the way, is the personification of clerical Quattlebumen. So outrageous and mobocratic was their conduct, that some of the citizens, at the conclusion of the second day, determined to move the stand and seats to a place where they would not be subjected to the impudent conduct of these men and their abettors. We were excluded from the Quaker and Methodist meeting houses, were mobbed by clericals, and hooted at by church members, and therefore, in order to avoid the insults of so-called christians, who impiously claim to be the ambassadors of God, we resorted to the grounds of one whom the church calls infidel, who had too much self-respect to initiate this example of clerical desecration, and too much christianity to be a mobocrat.

After we had moved our stand, and the Rev. Gentlemen had learned that while our platform was free to all, the proprietor of the ground on which it stood was determined that all who spoke should be decent and orderly, Mr. Ambler proclaimed that they were gagged, and he and his friends commenced erecting a stand at a little distance from ours, and called a meeting one hour previous to that appointed for our afternoon session.—There were some who went there out of curiosity, among whom was our friend Isaac Trescott of this place. By some fatal oversight he was appointed on a committee to draft resolutions which had of course already been drafted by the Reverend Mohocrat.—When presented to the committee, Trescott opposed them; they were however reported to the meeting, where he also opposed them. Considerable management was resorted to in order to stave off a discussion of their merits, but Ambler was completely outgeneraled, and the meeting finally adjourned in confusion without adopting them. We have not been able to obtain a copy of these resolves, and do not expect to, but have been informed they condemned the Garrisonian Disunionists asserted that they came to spread infidelity; that they had insulted every woman at their meetings in this place, by using the most disgusting and obscene language; that they had perambulated the state, and were making an effort to establish a press in Salem; all of which measures the citizens of Salem highly disapprove. We were not present at the scene, but from what we have heard we should judge it was exceedingly rich. Ambler's pro-slavery hobby, we suspect, carried him rather further than he intended, until in fact, the hero of the Paris mob was in about as bad a predicament as was the renowned hero of Cowper's celebrated song, for

"Away went Ambler neck or nought;  
Away went hat and wigs  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig."

On Monday and Tuesday when the meeting was held in a public street, there was considerable confusion, which is to be attributed to our clerical visitors, the audience though large, generally behaving well. One of these so-called ambassadors of Christ, so far forgot his dignity as to give utterance to a clerical BAH! that being his chosen mode of defense at that time. Our meetings on Wednesday and Thursday were more orderly, as the disorganizers had drawn off their forces, or else felt that Salem rebuked them.

The principal speakers of the side of freedom were S. S. Foster, Benj. S. Jones, and J. Elizabeth Hitchcock; the subjects discussed were the pro-slavery sects, the servility of the North, Liberty party, and the Constitution. Abby Kelly was too unwilling to take much part in the meetings, or indeed even to attend more than one or two sessions, and Giles Stebbens was recalled home by the intelligence of his father's illness and death.

Then many of those who attended our meetings, were deeply interested there is no manner of doubt, and that the priests acted as though they felt we had come to torment them before their time, is equally certain. Those who expect that devils will be cast out of men without the unclean spirits resisting, even to the very uttermost, are sadly mistaken, as their experience will demonstrate if they are faithful in rebuke. No reform ever has been, no reform ever can be accomplished, without agitation and excitement, and the deeper seated is the evil, and the more widely spread its influence, the mightier must be the force that tears it from its hold. It would be worse than vain to expect to destroy slavery by any other than the most uncompromising measures, and he who hopes so to do, will be disappointed and find his labor wasted.

**Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends.** The meeting this year was largely attended, and we design at a future time to notice its proceedings at length, but have not this week either space or leisure. We will however briefly say, that matters of great interest to the anti-slavery cause came before it, among which was the "Green Plain question," as the difficulties with that meeting have been called. Of this and other matters we will speak next week.

**Baltimore Saturday Visiter.** We publish this week the Prospectus of the fifteenth volume of this paper. We have not had a very long acquaintance with it, but so far as we know the Visiter, we can speak well of its general character. Its selections are good, and its contributors well known to the literary world. Its editorials are of that character which commend themselves by their evident sincerity and manly independence, even to those who differ from the Editor in opinion. His discussion upon the question of Slavery, and his selected and contributed articles upon the same subject, we believe will effect great good, and we are glad to learn that the circulation of his paper has not decreased because of the attention he gives to this "delicate question." It is not by any means what we would call an anti-slavery paper—it is not so designed to be; but claims, and sustains the character of an interesting, independent family newspaper.

### Clerical Convention at Cleveland.

We learn from one of our exchange papers that an anti-slavery Convention of Ministers is to be held at Cleveland some time this fall. We wonder where they will come from? Where can be found a sufficient number to make up such a meeting? Our readers have doubtless heard of a strolling company of actors who advertised to play "Hamlet, with the character of Hamlet omitted." We apprehend the results of this gathering will be somewhat similar—an Anti-Slavery convention, with Anti-Slavery omitted.

### NEW DRESS.

We are happy to present our paper this week in a new dress, and we doubt not its present improved appearance will be gratifying to every friend who wishes success. When we procure better paper, which we design to do if possible, we think we shall be able to furnish as handsome a sheet as any subscriber can desire. Our arrangements are such, that no ordinary circumstances will occasion delay or irregularity in its future publication.

**MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.**—A friend has just informed us of the marriage of the celebrated STEPHEN S. FOSTER, author of the "Brotherhood of Thieves," with the talented Abolition Lectress ABBY KELLY. They were married on Monday, the 18th, we understand, on the Reserve, in Ohio, where they have been lecturing together on Slavery for some months past. We hope they will now endeavor "to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity," &c.

The above is from the "Spirit of Liberty." We have only to say there is no truth whatever in the report, and we marvel that a man who makes any pretensions to truthfulness or honor, should suffer his paper to become the organ of the every day tattle, and false rumors of a gossiping community. We would advise the Editor when he publishes marriages in future, to obtain his information from authentic sources, and not give currency to evasive false report that may happen to reach his ears.

### NEW DEFINITIONS.

**SLAVERY:**—"A cutaneous disease!"

**MORAL POWER:**—"The American Union!"

**AMERICAN UNION:**—"The *representing* nucleus of the hopes and interests of the future ages of humanity—the child of all that the progressive ages of humanity have produced of freedom and virtue—the Isaac of the race!"—[See E. Burritt's letter to Cincinnati Convention.]

### AGENTS.

We intend to publish next week a list of local agents for the Bugle, though we hope no one will wait for an official appointment, nor neglect to act if he does not receive it. We desire that all who wish to have the paper sustained will do what they can to increase its circulation and obtain subscriptions. Can not each of our present subscribers procure us one more? They can at least try.

—The Post Office address of S. S. Foster and Abby Kelley will be Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio, until further notice. Will Standard and Liberator please copy?

### GENERAL NOTES.

[From the Albany Argus]

### THE CROPS.

The season has so far advanced that we are able to take a general survey of the crops throughout the whole country. We can now speak with some confidence, because most of the crops have been harvested.

First as to the great northern staple, wheat.

The crop is undoubtedly a large one, more

than an average, and it has been secured in excellent condition. This is the time of advance from all quarters. Even in Ohio where

the wheat crop is probably less than an average, the wheat is very clean and the berry very white, we hear neither of rust nor smut.

Though the farmers have lost in quantity,

they have undoubtedly gained in quality. In Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, the wheat crop is magnificent. Every thing

has been favorable. So likewise, we under-

stand, in the wheat crop in Pennsylvania.—

In Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina and

Georgia, it has been affected by the drought

some say so serious as to shrivel the berry,

In Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri, the

crop is a noble one. In New England and

New York it is probably less than average.

The hay crop is remarkably light in nearly

every state in the Union. From all sections,

the complaint is almost universal that hay is

very light. This is particularly the case in

New England, New York and Ohio. Farther

Westward in Michigan we hear of a heavy crop

of hay, but it is not to be disguised that the

hay crop is shorter now than it has been in

many years. The protracted Spring drought

stunted it, and the intense summer drought

nearly killed it. The farmer will have to

make up his deficiency of fodder by an in-

creased sowing of the late root crops.

Rye, oats, and barley are a fair crop but

not a heavy one. Like grass they have suf-

fered from the drought.

The corn crop is now ripening, it is there-

fore impossible to speak conclusively, but it seems to be the general impression that it will be less than an average crop, except in the Western States, where the drought has not been so severe. Yet it is acknowledged that the quality is uncommonly fine.

Potatoes are of an excellent quality, and though here and there may be a failure, we shall have our usual abundance of one of the finest and most wholesome vegetables ever cultivated for man. The rot has got into it in some sections, but this is not so general as it was last year.

Our survey would not be complete unless we added a few words about the great crop of the South, cotton, rice, tobacco and sugar.

The cotton crop will be a heavy one—probably 2,500,000 bales. In South Carolina and Georgia the intense drought has reduced it some, but this deficiency will be more than supplied by Mississippi and Arkansas.

The tobacco crop is light in Virginia, and in North and South Carolina, but heavy in Kentucky and Missouri, and we think the whole supply will be a full average.

Rice, which is mostly raised in South Carolina, will not be a full crop. If we are to believe the papers of that State, the drought has burnt up every thing almost like a blast of fire, but these effects are probably exaggerated, as the sufferings of heat make it seem intolerable that it really is.

The sugar crop will be a splendid one.—The culture in Louisiana is extending beyond all former example. It is so much more profitable than raising cotton that the cotton planters are rushing into it. The last year's crop was 200,000,000 of pounds, by far the largest ever before raised in this country. The next may reach 250,000,000 pounds. There is yet a large room for increase, as the consumption in the United States is about 500,000,000.

In this connection we can very properly speak of the crops of Texas, which are uncommonly good. Cotton, sugar, corn and wheat are all fine. There is a glorious abundance of every thing for sustenance or comfort. As that country may now be considered a part of our Union, its prosperity will be chronicled with as much interest as that of its sister States.

In taking a survey of the crops of our country, the mind must be struck at once with their wonderful variety. All climates and all productions seem contained within our borders. Asia, Europe and Africa seem to have thrown their treasure from the St. Lawrence on the North to the Rio del Norte on the South, and while we cannot but feel a grateful reverence to our Maker for the bountiful harvest which blesses our land, we cannot but mingle a just pride that we have so noble a continent to subdue to the uses of civilized man. May we be worthy of our country, should be the aspiration of every American, from the cradle to the grave.

A SCYTHE MANUFACTORY is now in course of erection at Dayton, Ohio. The building will be 150 feet long, will contain eight trip hammers, and give employment to a large number of hands. This is the first attempt at manufacturing this article, to any considerable extent; west of the mountains. There is a small establishment in Miami County, which supplies the neighborhood in part, but its sales extend no further.

AMERICAN WHALERS.—The Americans have six hundred whale-ships in the Pacific ocean valued at more than twenty millions of dollars. The whole world besides has but half as many whale-ships as we.

IN CHIHUAHUA there is a plain about one hundred miles across, that separates the north from the southern part of the State.—It is known by the name of the "Journal of Death." It contains no water, and travellers go over it by forced marches, knowing that they will get no water till they get across. It is four days journey from the town of Chihuahua. The other parts of the State are generally finely supplied with water.

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.—The Montreal Herald notices the arrival of Sir George Simpson on the 23d of July, from the interior of Hudson's Bay. He states that the United States citizens who had emigrated to Oregon were dissatisfied with the character of the country, and that of six thousand who had arrived there from time to time up to the month of March last, one thousand had proceeded to California.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF SLAVES.—The watch detected on Saturday a plan of escape of several slaves, and three of them have been apprehended and committed to jail. A vessel which had dropped down below Town Point was suspected to have been engaged as the medium of their escape, and a strict examination was made on board of her, but there was no evidence of the fact. The individuals in custody are servants in situations which are to be envied by thousands of whites, in the so-called free States; and some of them no doubt would have sued the charge to such freedom, if they had succeeded.—

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Westward in Michigan we hear of a heavy crop

of hay, but it is not to be disguised that the

hay crop is shorter now than it has been in

many years. The protracted Spring drought

stunted it,

## POETRY.

FOR THE A. S. BUGLE.

## LINES

Written on reading of the kidnapping and imprisonment in Parkersburg jail, of three citizens of Ohio by Virginians.

**Ho, children of the mighty West! Ho, to the rescue come!**  
For Slavery's foul and blighting form invades your peaceful home.  
The humble dwellings that you reared amid the forest shade  
Beneath whose rustling canopy your infant children played,  
Give no protection unto those who nobly dare to be.

The flying bondman's trusty friend, the foe of slavery.

Ye have seen those dwellings entered, and their inmates torn away,

And the husband and the brother become the spoilers prey.

Ye have seen your neighbors captured; and the hands you used to press,

Are enclosed now by fetters in a dungeon's loneliness.

The roof tree where they gathered, the altar where they prayed,

The demon-hand of Slavery in ruins now has laid.

Ye calmly heard of WALKER in his Pensacola cell,

Of the grievous wrong and outrage that New England's son befell,

And ye told it to your children, with hearts as dead and cold.

To every noble feeling, as the Miser's thirst for gold.

Ye heard, but little recked ye, of the suffering and pain,

Of the fever-fire raging in imprisoned Tom-sey's brain;

And ye prayed not for the captive, nor the opening of the door

That was barred and bolted on him in "blood stained Baltimore."

**Of WORX, and BUNN, and THOMPSON ye scarcely ever thought;**  
Their prison in Missouri and their letters were forgot;

For you fancied that your dwellings at least would be secure,

Not yourselves be made to suffer what New England's son endures.

But now that on Ohioans the tyrant's hand is laid,

And the fireside of your brother a desolation made;

Now that Southern marauders can leave their native soil,

And make very near the victims of their spoil;

Now that the "Old Dominion" so proudly claims the right

To make the "Lion of the West" a captive to her might,

And to violate at pleasure the laws which you have given,

And trample down most impiously, each high heast of heaven;

Will ye meanly quail before Virginia's tyran rod?

For a mess of porridge selling the birthright gift of God!

And craven-like consenting to remain a crouching slave.

And bury, at her bidding, the hopes that Freedom gave?

Or will ye rise in majesty, and bursting every chain

That keeps you from your liberty, your birthright wingain,

And tell the proud Virginian his day of pride is o'er?

He shall bring no more his feters to Ohio's Northern shore!

Oh, if the name of Liberty is pleasant to your ear,

If the deeds of noble valor of others ye revere,

If the blood of daring freemen is coursing in each vein,

And the soul that dwells within you has spurned the tyrant's chain;

Then speak for Truth and Freedom, and your words of living fire,

Shall be the kindling embers of Slavery's funeral pyre:

Send forth your speech unfettered, and your brothers shall go free,

For the words that ye can utter shall give back their liberty.

**Ho, children of the mighty West! Ho, to the rescue come!**

Recall your stolen brothers back unto their plundered home!

Raise high the shout for Freedom, till every hill and plain

Your words of Truth and Justice re-echo back again.

Tell to the craven South land, ye no longer will or can

Assist their blood-stained tyrants to chatelise a man:

That the chain you helped to fasten, at Shadrack's bid and beck,

Around your brother's ankle is galling on your neck;

And that ye now are striving to make Ohio free from the guilty Union with wrong and tyranny,

Free from the blood-stained COMPACT your fathers made of yore.—

The worshipped CONSTITUTION with its stains of human gore.

N. T. T.

**THE TRUE CHURCH.**—"The true Church has no stain of blood upon it—has no marshaller on its list of members—employs no military weapons—engages in no mortal strife; but like its divine founder, returns good for evil; seeks not to destroy but to save men's lives, fears not those who can kill the body, rejoices in the midst of tribulation, shrinks not from crucifixion, and is filled with the abundance of peace." This church is invincible, immortal, and glorious, into which enters nothing that is revengeful or unmerciful; its walls are salvation, and its gates paradise."—*Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

**MENAL ABSENCE.**—A man intending to join a total abstinence society, went and joined a church. He discovered his error when he was called upon to drink wine at the communion table.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## POOR AMY.

A TALE OF BLACK LAW OPPRESSION:  
Written for the Youths' Monthly Visitor,

BY MRS. M. L. DAILEY.

"Mamma, it's a long time since I've been over to Richmond to see aunt Hannah—Mayn't I go this evening and stay all night? It's at home now, and I want to see her mighty bad."

"No, Amy," said the mother, "you'd better not go to Richmond to stay all night—They say kidnappers are mighty plenty there now and I can't get any body to write a pass for us since good old Miss Edwards died—Our blessed Master knows we got mighty few friends in this world, but it'll all be right sometime."

"Well, mamma, may I go in the morning and stay all day? I can get home before the toll gate shuts and then I won't need a pass?"

"Yes child, you may go, and mind you tell your aunt Hannah I heard from the old place last week, and how old Missus is dead and Massar Jim has broken up, and gone off nobody don't know wher, and the old place is a mighty good thing we was set free long ago or we'd been sold along with the rest of 'em."

"Yes ma'am, I'll tell her and mayn't I pick some strawberries, to carry to little Sally Fletcher? I can't never forget how that dear child used to steal into our garden with her hook, when she come home from school, to learn me my letters. I'd a soon known how to read, if her sister Jane hadn't found her out, and told her father. How sorry the little thing looked when she said, Amy, I mustn't, but never mind, don't cry, and if I live to be a grown up woman and have a home of my own, I'll learn you to read and give you a Bible too, a nice new one, for yourself. That child ain't like the rest of white folks—she told me all about God, and the Bible, and how I must try to be good and respectable, if I am colored, for that makes no difference with God, for he loves his colored children as well as his white ones and we'll all be alike in heaven."

"Well, Amy, the child told the truth about it, and that's more than some grown persons do—but go to work now, and mind you get up airy in the mornin to pick the strawberries; they don't look nice when they are picked in the hot sun."

Amy, a little girl of fourteen, was living with her mother, a free colored woman in Manchester, Virginia. The city of Richmond lies on the opposite side of James River, which is crossed by several bridges connecting the two places. Colored people, whether slaves or free, cannot safely pass the night in Richmond, or, indeed, anywhere from home, without a written permit or "pass," from their owner, or some responsible white person. If they are found out after night without this permit, they are taken up and put in the "Cage," (a small bird-shaped building,) where they are kept, if slaves, until claimed by their owners, and if free, until bailed out by some responsible white person. Cases have occurred in which they have been sold to pay their jail fees, as in the instance we have on record, which substantially occurred within the last year at Richmond.

Early next morning, Amy was on her way over the bridge, with her basket of strawberries on her arm, and as she passed the green island that lies below the falls and heard the songs of the birds among the trees mingling with the gentle murmur of the waters, she felt very happy, for she knew that God had made them all, and though known and cared for by few on earth she could claim him for her father and friend. She soon passed the bridge, and made her way through the city, not forgetting to take the strawberries to the good little girl who had shown her so much kindness.

Her aunt and cousin were glad to see her and she spent the day very pleasantly in visiting her old friends, and buying some things from the shops for her mother. Towards evening she began to think of starting to her home. But so pleasantly had she been employed, that she had not observed a dark cloud, which threatened a heavy storm, until ready to start, her aunt said to her, "Amy, child, you better not go home to-night, the rain will catch you before you get half over the bridge, and it is gwyne, to rain powerful hard; I reckon you had better not go."

"But aunt Hannah, how am I to stay? I ain't got no pass and mamma said I mustn't stay 'oun nohow."

"Law, honey, who's gwyne to know you ain't got a pass; you ain't told nobody has you?"

"No, ma'am, but they thought find it out, and mamma says there are a heap of kids; apers hanging around. I know she won't sleep none this night, if I stay here."

"Well any how you will have to stay, pass or no pass, for here comes the rain hard," said her aunt as she got up to shut the door. "Look, she continued, don't you see how dark it is? The toll-gate will be shut afore you get there and you can't get home to-night, nohow."

"Well, aunt Hannah, I reckon I must, but I don't like to. Somehow I feel like somethin was gwyne to happen; I wish I was at home with mamma."

"Shoo, child, don't be foolish, you aint the

first one dat said all night in Richmond

"about a pass—come, get your supper, and go to bed; if you want to; I reckon you's

fastened, made her start to her feet."

"Be still, Amy, it's the patrol, may be he

won't see you; don't move or speak!"—and she pushed the child further into the corner,

and then went to open the door for the man who, with threats and curses, was trying to break it open.

"What," he exclaimed with an oath, "are you doing with your doors fastened at this time of night?"

"Why, master," said Hannah meekly, "it's most bed time and storming so hard, I didn't think any body would be stirring."

"Yes, yes," says the ruffian, "so much the better for folks like you: just the time to harry runaway slaves. I've got two to night already, and I reckon I'll find one here."

So saying, he strode toward the dark part of the room, and threw the full light of a dark lantern, which he carried concealed for the purpose under his overcoat full upon poor Amy's face. Dazzled, bewildered, with the sudden light, and half stupefied with terror at the prospect of falling into the hands of a patrol, of whose cruelty she had heard dreadful accounts, she sat with vacant gaze fixed upon the object of her dread.

"Come out here, you black imp," he cried with fiendish glee, "and give an account of yourself. You don't belong here, I know. Old woman you don't pretend she's your's do you?"

"No, master," said Hannah, "it's my sister's child. She came from Manchester to see to day, and couldn't get back home cause it rained so hard. Do get master, don't take her to the cage, she never staid all night from her mammy before, and she'll be scared to death."

"What o' that?" said the unfeeling wretch. Who do you belong to, girl?" "She don't belong to nobody, master," said Hannah: "her mammy's a free woman."

"Free, you say? where's your pass? No, that won't do; where's your free papers? Got none, eh? never fear, old woman, I'll not take her to the cage, she'll be safe enough in jail before I leave her, I tell you—you cursed devils," he exclaimed, giving the child a severe push, "you're always getting where you're no business to be. Come, poor Amy, when she heard the word jail, and understood she was to go there, fell back upon her seat with a shuddering groan; nor did her friends dare to speak a word of comfort or sympathy for fear of giving offence to the patrols, who have the free colored people completely in their power, and when offended, seek their vengeance on them in the most barbarous manner.

"Any child," said her aunt, "you better go along quiet as you can, and I'll go to Manchester right soon to-morrow morning and tell your mammy, may be she'll soon get you out. The Lord bless you child," she added in a lower tone, "and take care of you, if he don't do it, I don't know who will."

With a passionate grief and cries which were speedily stifled by the lash of the patrol's whip, the little girl went forth into the darkness and storm. The firm grasp of the man held her by the arms, and pushing and dragging her along through the mud and the water, uttering the most horrid oaths whenever any thing obstructed his path, he proceeded toward the jail. At last, during a bright flash of lightning, poor Amy saw the horrid jail with its giant whipping-post standing near wet with the blood of many a victim. Her eyes closed in terror, and heard the patrol speak a few words to the jailor, by whom she was hurried in and conducted along a dark passage. A door grated heavily on its hinge, and in a moment she was thrust rudely into a cold, damp cell, and left alone.

Half dead with terror, she sank down on a heap of straw that formed the only bed, where she lay in stupor until the morning light shone through the bars of her windows, and the jailor came with her food. The poor child felt no disposition to eat, and she timidly asked the jailor if her mamma had come yet.

"No," said she gruffly, "how's she going to know you're in jail, didn't you tell the patrol you belonged to Manchester? I'll be bound you're a runaway from some plantation; but we'll see if we can't stop it—the whole country is pestered to death with runaways."

"I ain't a runaway," said Amy meekly. "But please master if mamma comes, won't you let her in to see me?"

"I'll see about it, said the jailor as he closed and fastened the door, and Amy felt comforted in the hope of seeing her mother, for surely, she thought, "mamma won't let me stay here all alone, if she can help it."

Toward noon Amy's mother came. The jailor asked her if she had brought the girl's free papers. She said she had not for in her entire ignorance of the law did she not know that free papers were necessary to procure the freedom of one put in jail for the simple offense of being from home after night, without a passport. The mother, who once a slave herself, had married and raised her family since she became free, and feeling perfectly safe herself she had not provided for her children's safety, by procuring them free papers, and as she had none of an age to leave home, she thought there would be time enough to do it. Ignorant of the forms of the law, and having no one to counsel or direct, she knew not what to do.

"Amy," said she, "don't you give up and go to the jail?"

"I am starving to death with hunger," and these words and that hollow voice sounded in my ear all day.

"Walking on Broadstreet Heath a day or two since, with an English friend, we were received by two laborers, who were sitting on a bank, and who said that they had come to that neighborhood in search of employment in hay making, but had not been able to get either employment or food. My friend appeared to distrust their story. But in the evening, as we were walking home, we passed a company of some four or five laborers in frocks, with bludgeons in their hands, who asked us for something to eat. "You see how it is, gentlemen," said one of them, "we are strong; we have come for work, and nobody will hire us; we have had nothing to eat all day." Their tone was dissatisfied, almost melancholy, and the Englishman who was with us referred to it several times afterwards with an expression of anxiety and alarm.

I hear it often remarked here, that the difference of condition between the poorer and richer classes becomes greater every day, and what the end will be, the wisest pretend not to foresee."

BE KIND.—None of us know the good a kind deed accomplishes. A word should be put in when the heart is sick, a little help bestowed when want presses near by, goes far beyond what those suppose who are able to speak this word, or give this help.

An instance, illustrating this, has just come to our knowledge. A young man, intelligent and well educated, came to our city to find employment. He sought for it in vain,

such a gang for month in and month out for nothing. What are you going to do, I say?" he thundered, bidding the woman stand silent with surprise.

"I don't know sir," said the poor mother, "I ain't got a dollar in the world. Since my poor child has been shut up here, I ain't been able to work half the time. But bless me master, surely you can't sell my child, she was born free."

"Never mind that," said the jailor. "Here she's been in jail these 45 days, and no more likely to get out now, than she was the first time I turned the keys on her, less she's sold to pay the fees. You see when any nigger gets in jail, no odds whether it's right or wrong, the fees have to be paid before they budge one iota, mind I tell you?"

"How long, sir, before the sale begins?" asked the mother.

"About ten o'clock, he answered, "and mid-morn we'll have to stick to the law, the